THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, January* 16, 1808. [No. 13.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 112.

—

THAT there is a point of elevation as well as depression from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary direction, and beyond which they never proceed in their advancement or decline, is a position that has been sanctioned by ethical writers, and by some of the ablest historians in the language, among whom are Robinson and Hume. The Wanderer cannot but think the position founded in nature, and has full faith in the existence of a *ne plus ultra*, that limits the courses of nations and men. Still, however, what seems without question is often found not to be without controversy. What we were just ready to have *taken for granted*, the hand of ingenuity seems now to be extended to snatch from our grasp. We cannot but smile at the obtrusion, but are willing our readers should participate in the agreeable surprise.

—

TO THE WANDERER.

SIR,

I WISH to examine the justice and propriety of a principle that has been adopted as an axiom for time immemorial, sanctioned by the express, or tacit assent of ethical writers, and even consecrated by our orators, who commemorate the anniversary of American Independence. Against such a host of opponents, armed at all points with mathematics, morality, and metaphor, nothing but a firm conviction that truth is able to maintain the ground, would give me strength of nerves to contend. The position is, *that there is a certain, definite point in politics, in morality, in literature, and in religion, to which nations advance, and from which they recede.* How often have we been told that Greece and Rome arrived at a certain point of improvement, (which in the gipsy dialect of the day, is denominated the acme of perfection,) from whence they began in Hibernian phrase, to grow downwards! hence it has been inferred, that England, having attained that ultimate boundary of perfection, is now in the decline.

This rule is just, when applied to physical objects, such as afford visible, and tangible evidence of their existence. We know that a plant rises to a certain degree of altitude, beyond which, seldom or ever, any of that particular species ascend, and afterwards is resigned to the dominion of decay. Our own bodies certify, that when the animal spirits are exhausted, we must shortly participate with all surrounding nature the allotment of dust. Rules derived from such observation, are falsely, and ri-

diculously applied to States, which are mere *moral essences*. A book read man estimates the growth of a country in the same manner, by the same rule, and with the same certainty, that he would estimate the longevity of a cabbage. Where is this point, or, *in politer cant*, this acme to be found, in our country's growth? It much behoves our citizens to know, whether their efforts to prolong her existence, will be successful or not. Clearly, if we have already reached the mark, all efforts of ours will be unavailing to give perpetuity, or even prolongation to that, which the immutable laws of nature have previously destined to decay.

If the gentlemen who advocate the principle we contend against, mean merely that States have arisen to power and glory, and declined afterwards, it is pompous nonsense, and nothing else. Undoubtedly they have, and our country, if precisely in the same predicament, might experience precisely the same fate. But I contend, that from the first creation of the world, to the present hour, no two states ever were, and as far as negative analogy can go, to decide the question, no two states ever will be precisely in the same predicament. Two plants may most assuredly; but how to make the laws, applicable to that silent, and immoveable class of animated nature, applicable also to sentient beings, capable of action and reason, is a mystery to me.

Variety, and infinite variety of conduct, is the consequence of such free will. The redundancy of our common law decisions, is an unavailing comment on the justice of these remarks. In all that immense accumulation of legal learning, scarcely two cases will be found applicable in all points to the one submitted to the court for decision. A state, we all know, is a body existing only in imagination. Now that a community of men, associated for mutual benefit and protection, are governed by laws of decay, similar to those which fix the destiny of a plant, is ridiculous. Rome in process of time fell; but does that prove any thing more than that her savage neighbours were stronger than she was? Yet from this fact, many wise heads have conjectured, that England must fall; not indeed because She may not be competent to resist the Corsican tyrant; but because She has in some arts rivalled, and in others excelled the mistress of the world. According to this curious logic, Milton, by the composition of his Paradise Lost, has been, though innocently, auxiliary to the downfall of his country. That luxury effeminated the Romans, and thereby rendered them less competent to defend themselves, none disputes; that an indulgence of the same appetite, invalidates English valour is conceded also, and from hence a deduction is made, that England must also follow the destiny of subjugated Europe. In the mean time an insurrection in the army of Bonaparte, or the death of the Usurper, or ten thousand other casualties may intervene and blow the whole speculation into atoms. This application of the laws of physical to moral nature, I apprehend, was indebted for its origin to that transfer of the properties of the one, to the other, adopted by poets and orators, for the purposes of illustration. To render an abstract idea not only visible, but palpable, this liberty was taken, and in process of time the qualities of each became so incorporated, that mankind believ-

ed this external representation to be the real object.

The use to be made of this speculation is, that our country's existence may be of longer endurance than Sophists would persuade us it is destined to be; that even in moments of her most assured decay, gloomy and foreboding parallels from antiquity prove nothing, as casualties daily transpire to differ our condition from such examples; and that consequently, under the auspices of divine Providence, our country will be indebted for her existence to the patriotism, wisdom and valour of her citizens.—If it should fail in this point, it will, at least, convince my reader, that he does not belong to that class of animated nature, denominated cabbages.

OMICRON.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The word MUSEUM, was primarily used to distinguish a place, set apart in the palace of Alexandria; it was thus denominated as being devoted to the *Muses* and the sciences. Hence it has passed into a more general system, and is now applied to Repositories appropriated for things that have relation to the arts and Muses. "The British Museum," which contained a variety of the productions of nature and art, was purchased by the public of Sir Hans Sloane, for 20,000*l.* for national use. AT OXFORD a noble pile, was erected by the university and termed the "Ashmolean* Museum," which contained a valuable collection of curiosities.

No institution is more worthy, than that which tends towards the advancement of natural knowledge. A collection of the productions of nature furnishes the mind with a vast chain of information, which will be equally useful to every class of society. It has long been the custom not only of England, but other civilized nations, to have Repositories of this kind; where the public could resort; in fact, if this was not the case, a great majority of mankind would be perfectly ignorant of the customs of other countries. Indeed, from history we can form an idea of things, but not so well as when the object is itself before us. Such institutions are laudable, and are commonly the pride of nations that posse-s them.

Messrs Bowen and Doyle, Proprietors of the Columbian Museum, in this place, have erected a building in Tremont Street, which possesses every convenience for the purpose; and by their unwearied exertions, have gathered a valuable collection of curiosities, which form an interesting Repository. This Museum, from present appearences promises, in a short time, to become the first in the United States.—The Proprietors will please to recollect that although much *has* been done, there is still room left for improvement; and that, in order to have a well established Museum, it is necessary that they should be on the alert, and let no opportunity pass unnoticed wherein they could add grandeur to their establishment. EDGAR.

Called Ashmolean in honor of Dr. Ashmole, who made this Museum a handsome donation of curiosities.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

A POET of Scotland, born of humble parents, remarkable only for innocence of life, and simplicity of manners, in the shire of Kinross.

Nothing, says the ingenious and interesting author, to whom I am obliged for all I know concerning Bruce, nothing more powerfully awakens the sympathies of a benevolent heart, than the consideration of genius depressed by situation, pining in obscurity, and perishing for want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicate frame, and too susceptible a mind, to maturity and length of days.

"I never pass the place," continues the writer I quote, Mr. Mackenzie, the pleasing delineator of the Man of Feeling, and of whom the literary world has been deprived since my last edition; "I never pass the place in which Michael Bruce resided, a little

hamlet, skirted with venerable trees, without stopping my horse; a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages which surround it, only by a sashed window, marks the spot.

"A honeysuckle, which the poor youth had planted, runs round the window, and now almost covers it; in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the *gentle tenant of the mansion*; wish, with a swelling heart, that he were still living, and myself a wealthy man, that I might have the luxury of visiting his humble habitation, and bidding him be happy."

I forget whether it is Mr. Mackenzie, or my own memory, that presents the following passage, from some ancient writer, I believe Cicero: Movemur, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis in quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia.

Michael, whose form and constitution were not calculated to encounter the austerities of his native climate, the exertions of daily labor, and the rigid frugality of humble life, was seized with a fever and cough, which terminated in a consumption, in the twenty-first year of his age.

Convinced of the hopeless nature of his illness, he saw the approaches of death with rational, but not unmanly awe, and Christian resignation: within a fortnight of his departure, he wrote a poem, which concludes with the following stanzas.

Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.
Starting and shiv'ring at the chilling wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was;
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass
Oft' morning dreams presage approaching fate,
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true,
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of life and light adieu.
Then let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
Let death quick shut these weary aching eyes;
Wait the great hopes of that tremendous day,
When the long night shall cease,
And the last morn arise.

The Abbé Chaulieu, in similar circumstances, addressed Fontenay, the place of his nativity, in plaintive verse; but Bruce was a stranger to the language in which he wrote, and far superior to the Abbé, in impressive pathos, and that art, in which a Frenchman very seldom excels, I mean, *coming home to the bosom*.

The praise of a *becoming* firmness cannot be denied to Michael Bruce; he felt the fountain of life gradually drying up, and without pretending to or assuming that cold indifference which, *in such circumstances*, is unnatural as well as impious, he feels and acknowledges the gloominess of his prospects, but turns for comfort and consolation to a world beyond the grave.

The approach of dissolution should seem a season not very favourable for poetical exertion; yet Dr. Dodd poured forth some of his best and most impressive effusions, in that prison from which he was led forth to an ignominious death; a Roman emperor addressed stanzas to his soul, which was taking its flight; and the Abbé Maury, when dragged by an infuriated mob, to the lamp-iron, which had been fatal to thousands, actually saved his life by an unpremeditated joke. Eh! Messiers, quant vous m'aurez mis a la lantern, y verriez vous plus clair? "When you have hanged me to the lamp-iron, gentlemen, do you think you shall see any better?"

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

OUR language affords no exhortations to mental improvement more impressive than those to be found in the sacred pages.

Among these the subsequent selections from Baruch, are entitled to rank, not less distinguished from their occurring in *uncanonical books*.

"Learn where is wisdom, where

strength, where is understanding; hat thou mayest know also where *length of days and life*, where is *the ight of the eyes and peace.*"

There were the *giants*, famous rom the beginning, that were of so *reat stature*, and so *expert in war*:

Those did not the Lord choose, either gave he *the way of knowledge* unto them: but they were destroyed, because they had no WISDOM, and perished through their own foolishness.

Who hath gone *up into heaven*, nd *taken* her and *brought her down* rom the *clouds* ?*

Who hath *gone over the sea*, and *found* her and will *bring* her for *pure old?*

No man knoweth her way; nor inketh of her path.

But He, that knoweth all things, noweth her, and hath found her t with his understanding.

He, that *sendeth forth light*, and *it eth, calleth* it *again*, and it *obeyeth m with fear.*

The stars shine in their watches, nd rejoice: when he calleth them, ey say, *Here we be;* and so with *eerfulness* they *showed light* unto m that made them"

What is your newly discovered nd much cried up Oriental poetry to this? The two last verses I think, re instanced by Hawkesworth, as xamples of sublimity without parllel. Making the stars *sentinels*, hat *shine* in their *watches* and *rejice;* that *answer promptly* to the *ll* of their Commander, and cheerlly show light to the Father of ghts, is a picture, whose brilliany almost dazzles the eye of imagnation.

"The Bible and Junius" are read," now the commentaries of the Jesuits are forgotten." The last two sentences of the letters of that not inimitable, but unequalled writer, contain a grand moral in favor of *real information* or true wisdom, worthy as a standard axiom to conclude a standard work.

"Grateful as I am, to the *good Being*, whose bounty has imparted to me this reasoning intellect, whatever it is, I hold myself proportionably indebted to him, from whose enlightened understanding, another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. But neither should I think the most exalted faculties of the human mind, a gift worthy of the Divinity, nor any assistance in the improvement of them, a subject of gratitude to my fellow-creature, if I were not satisfied, that, really, to inform the understanding, corrects and enlarges the heart."

Dr. WOLCOTT, the *ci-devant* Peter Pindar, was once on a visit to Ld. NELSON's at Merton, when his Lordship lent him a night-cap. Some how or other, when our bard put it on, from the heat of the head within, or contact with flame without, the cap took fire. Peter instantly returned it to the noble Admiral with the following lines:

Take your night-cap again, my good Lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

I protest to you, says JOHN HORNE TOOKE, in that admirable philological work, "The DIVERSIONS of PURLEY," my notions of language were formed before I could account etymologically for any one of the words in question, and before I was in the least ac-

* "Socrates first brought philosophy om heaven," says an heathen; Christ, say ristians.

quainted with the opinions of others. I addressed myself to an enquiry into their opinions with all the *diffidence of conscious ignorance*; and so far from spurning authority, was disposed to admit even *half an argument from a great name*. So that it is not my fault, if I am forced to carry instead of following the lanthorn: but at all events, it is better than walking in total darkness. And yet, though I believe I differ from all the accounts which have hitherto been given of language, I am not so much without authority, as you may imagine. Mr. Harris himself, and all the grammarians whom he has, and whom (though using their words) he has not quoted, are my authorities. Their *own doubts*, their *difficulties*, their *dissatisfactions*, their *contradictions*, their *obscurity* on all these points, are my *authorities against them*.

We recommend The Diversions of Purley to the careful perusal of every inquirer into the mysteries of language. It is written, as Cicero and others have written, in the familiarity of dialogue. It is truly a luminous production, and what is not least in praise of its author, wherever he deviates from Harris or Johnson, the reader feels obliged to follow Tooke. In the dark mazes of philology, he emphatically *carries the lanthorn*. It is indeed, a *burning and a shining* light, that makes manifest what the darkness concealeth.

To know one profession only, says Goldsmith, is enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary,) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. Alas! cries the tailor, what an unhappy, poor creature am I? if people should ever take in their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to. Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely, replies the conjurer; but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you. A famine overspread the land; the tailor made shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pigs; no single creature would relieve him, till he was obliged to beg from the very tailor, whose calling he had formerly despised.

The proud consciousness of genius is amply displayed in the subsequent sonnet of Milton, written in 1642, when the King's army had arrived at Brentford, and threw the whole city into consternation.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and *him within* protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he *knows the charms*
That *call fame* on such gentle acts as these,
And *he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas*,
Whatever clime the sun's bright chariot warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bade spare,

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

When Milton was employed to answer Salmasius, one of his eyes was almost gone; and the physicians predicted the loss of both, if he proceeded. But, says Milton, in answer to Du Moulin, "I did not long balance, whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."

Regular education, say the Edinburg Reviewers, we think, is unfavourable to vigour or originality of understanding. Like civilization, it makes society more intelligent and agreeable; but it levels the distinctions of nature. It strengthens and assists the feeble; but it deprives the strong of his triumph, and casts down the hopes of the aspiring. It accomplishes this, not only by training up the mind in an habitual veneration for authorities, but, by leading us to bestow a disproportionate degree of attention upon studies that are only valuable as keys or instruments for the understanding, they come at last to be regarded as ultimate objects of pursuit; and the means of education are absurdly mistaken for its end. How many powerful understandings have been lost in the Dialectics of Aristotle! and of how much good philosophy are we daily defrauded, by the preposterous error of taking a knowledge of prosody for useful learning! The mind of a man, who has escaped this training, will at least have fair play. Whatever other errors he may fall into, he will be safe at least from these infatuations. If he thinks proper, after he grows up, to study Greek, it will be for some better purpose than to become acquainted with its dialects. His prejudices will be those of a man, and not of a schoolboy; and his speculation and conclusions will be independent of the maxims of tutors and the oracles of literary patrons.

ASIATIC PLEASANTRY.

"A certain man went to a Dervise and proposed three questions. *First*—Why do they say that God is omni-present? I do not see him any where; show me where he is. *Second*—Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God! Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power he would do every thing for his own good. *Third*—How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make upon itself! The Dervise took up a large clod of earth and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cadi, and said, I proposed three questions to such a Dervise, who flung such a clod of earth at me as made my head ache. The Cadi having sent for the Dervise, asked, why did you throw such a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his question? The Dervise replied, the clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he had a pain in his head; let him show me where it is, when I will make God visible to him; and why does he exhibit a complaint to you against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, I did not strike him without the will of God; what power do I possess? And as he is com-

pounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element? The man was confounded, and the Cadi highly pleased with the Dervises' answer."

(*London Paper.*)

From the Crisis.

FANCY AND REASON.

AH memory! in thy wide domain,
Free to retrace, light Fancy flies,
Dearly she loves thy mental reign,
Nor she alone, but all the train
Of thoughts that in thy kingdom rise.

Reflection, meditative maid!
With pensive step, and absent air,
While Phœbus smiles, lends too her aid
To rescue from oblivion's shade,
The day-dreams of this world of care.

But soon as Night her mantle throws,
To curtain in the prison'd stars,
And mortals seek for bland repose,
Her influence, 'witching Fancy knows,
And reason 'gainst her, vainly wars.

Then Time—she bids thy footstep turn,
And bring back years that swiftly fled,
And with them on their pinions borne
The friends whom still we fondly mourn,
Long slumb'ring in their narrow bed.

The parent to the child restores,
Who pleas'd soft filial dues to pay,
With loving gaze profusely pours
From the full heart its glowing stores,
And hopes to bless his lengthened day.

She paints the rose in vivid bloom,
Upon that cheek, so wan, so pale,
Which early found the silent tomb,
And there enshrouded in its gloom,
Now shrinks not at the winter's gale.

Awakes that voice, whose swelling tone,
Majestic wisdom did inspire;
That mind, where judgment rais'd a throne
That eye, whose kindling beam alone,
Bespoke the soul's etherial fire.

Such are the visions of the pillow'd rest,
And Fancy to her votary true,
Thus makes affection sweetly blest,
'Till Reason comes by morning drest,
Yet drest in robes of sable hue.

But yielding through life's transient hour,
To her benignant sway,
Religion lends her cheering power
And brightly from the clouds that lour,
Beams forth eternal day.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

OF THE

BOSTON ANACREONTICK SOCIETY.

When Musick, blest Maid, at the mandate of Heaven,
For these regions below, left the sky's starry portal;
The empire of Earth to her sceptre was given,
And unrivall'd she reign'd in the breast of each mortal;
Then wide wav'd her wand
O'er the listening land,
And all Nature acknowledg'd her sov'reign command,
That by musick united, the whole human kind,
Should rivet by frindship what harmony join'd;

But long had she gladden'd this globe with her charms,
When her trumpet Mars snatchd and then swell'd with his breath;
At the war-stirring blast the whole world flew to arms,
And Musick fled swift from Rage, Discord, and Death:
Then no more wav'd her wand
O'er the blood sprinkled land,
Nor would mortals acknowledge her sovereign command,
That by musick united, &c. &c.

At length to appease these distractions on earth,
Jove sent from the skies his own offspring Apollo;
Bacchus, God of good liquor, and Momus of mirth,
And musick once more condescended to follow;
Then again wav'd her wand
O'er the listening land,
And all nature acknowledg'd her sov'reign command,
That, by musick united, &c. &c.

Tis to these jolly Gods that our club owes its birth,
May their Godships propitious continue to fire us;
May the catch and the glee, may wine, musick and mirth,
Wit, whim, and good fellowship ever inspire us:
Then with bumper in hand
Let our jovial band

Proclaim, that this Toast on their records shall stand,
"By musick united be all human kind,
"And friendship shall rivet what harmony join'd."

AWKWARD HABITS.

Dr. Darwin observes, that when we experience any disagreeable sensations, we endeavour to procure ourselves temporary relief by motions of those muscles and limbs which are most habitually obedient to our will. This observation extends to mental as well as to bodily pain; thus persons in violent grief wring their hands and convulse their countenances; those who are subject to the petty but acute miseries of false shame, endeavour to relieve themselves by awkward gestures and continual motions. A plough-boy, when he is brought into the presence of those whom he thinks his superiors, endeavours to relieve himself from the uneasy sensations of false shame, by twirling his hat upon his fingers, and by various uncouth gestures. Men who think a great deal, sometimes acquire habitual awkward gestures to relieve the pain of intense thought. Addison represents, with much humour, the case of a poor man who had the habit of twirling a bit of thread round his finger, the thread was accidentally broken, and the orator stood mute! We once saw a gentleman get up to speak in a public assembly, provided with a paper of notes, written in pencil: during the exordium of his speech he *crumbled* his notes with incessent agitation; when he looked at the paper he found that the words were obliterated, he was obliged to apologise to his audience, and, after much hesitation, sat down abashed!

It is said, that at the meeting in which the capitulation and final arrangements were signed between Gen. Whitelocke and Gen. Liniers, at Buenos Ayres, Gen. Whitelocke said, "Now, Gen. Liniers, you do not mean to say to the world that this was a defeat!"--"I don't know, Sir," said Liniers, "what is meant by a defeat; *I am no General Officer*, and scarcely understood the meaning of the expression; the world must judge for us both.

FOR THE EMERALD

WHAT NEWS FROM ENGLAND?

The news is found,—the wit assents,
In emblematic presage;
England her noblest flower* presents,
Stat-ira,† is her message.

J.

The talk of Jefferson's disdain,
Must be a common slander:—
Statira ne'er could plead in vain
For peace to Alexander.

For though Roxana's arts beguiled
The hero by her beauty,
Statira prun'd his notions wild,
And brought him back to duty.

J. O.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

FROM LATE LONDON PAPERS.

It appears that the gold mines in the Russian empire afford 42,675 pounds weight of that valuable metal annually, and the silver mines 7,000,000 pounds. The value of the coin annually exported from Russia is about 1,200,000*l.* sterling.

A Professorship of the Arabic Language has been founded by Bonaparte, at Marseilles, and Don Gabriel,

* *A Rose—the emblem of prosperity.*

† *Stat ira—In English, anger stands still.* N B. *This frigate brought offers of reparation—Mr. Jefferson sent the "Revenge" to demand it.* Query—*Which government is most inclined to friendship?*

For the Emerald.

OCCASIONAL ODE.

BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

Written for the "General Eaton" Fire Society, January 14, 1808.

Tune—"*God save the king.*"

Blest be the sacred fire,
Whose beams THE MAN inspire,
Panting for praise!
Renown her laurel rears,
Not in a nation's *tears*,
But, in the *Sun*, that cheers
Her hero's bays.

In *Afric's* cells confined,
Columbia's sons had pined,
Mid hopeless gloom:—
By native land forgot,
By friend "remembered not,"
They delv'd their captive spot,
And hailed their tomb!

Who, for the brave, could feel?
Who warm, with patriot zeal,
Their country's veins?
EATON—a glorious name!—
Struck, from the flint of fame,
A spark, whose *chymick* flame
Dissolv'd their chains.

O'er *Lybia's* desert sands,
He led his venturous bands,
Hov'ring to save;—
Where Fame her wings ne'er spread
O'er ALEXANDER'S head,
Where CATO bow'd and bled
On glory's grave.

Tho' earth no fountain yield,—
Arabs their poignards wield,—
Famine appal;—
EATON all danger braves,
Fierce while the battle raves,
Columbia's Standard waves,
On *Derne's* proud wall.

Long to the brave be given,
The best reward of heaven,
On earth beneath;—
His country's Spartan pride,
To *honest* fame allied,
No *serpent* e'er shall glide
UNDER HIS WREATH.

Blest be the sacred fire,
Whose beams THE MAN inspire,
Panting for praise!
Renown her laurel rears,
Not in a nation's tears,
But in the *Sun* that cheers
Her hero's bays.

FOR THE EMERALD.

A farmer driving toward Boston,
Of good fat pork a cargo;
By chance another farmer crost on,
Who warn'd him of the Embargo.

"What 's that? a yellow fever like?"
Quoth Ned, who wanted gumption.
"A yellow fever! no," cries Dick,
"'Tis a damn'd *slow consumption*."

H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

When Ocean's boiling waves are pass'd,
And frowning whirlwinds threat no more;
When Peace sits smiling on the mast,
And safety hails you from the shore;
When fancy springs with malice fraught
No more, a thousand ills to send,
When care gives place to softer thought,
Then think of me, my friend.

When, seated round the festive board,
Which lifts the veil from every soul,
And love and mirth present the bowl;
Enjoy the moment! let full glee
Your brow, long warp'd by care, unbend;
And if a toast be ask'd of thee,
Then think of me, my friend!

And, in return, when e'er I stray,
Veil'd by the evening's mellow shade,
Where oft our talk beguil'd the way,
Or where yon gate our footsteps stay'd;
There, while by mem'ry's active power
The present with the past I blend,
I'll well improve the soothing hour,
And think of thee, my friend.

When e'er I climb the wonted hill,
Or pass the well known rock or tree,
Or stand where oft we've view'd yon mill,
My mind shall fondly dwell on thee.
And should, e'er thy return, these eyes,
With failing life, their office end,
When my last prayer to heaven shall rise
I'll think of thee, my friend.

EGBERT.

"Why all these sparks of wit," cries honest Will;
"These bursts of learning, and this waste of skill?
"With wit and learning we could well dispense,
"We want to save us—nought but *common* sense

H.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
BY DAVID CARLISLE, *No. 5, Court Street.*